A

DIARY,

&c.

VOL. I.

Price 2s.

FRONTISPIECE.



Stothard del. *Heath sculp.*

Redmond's Simpson's

A DIARY

Kept in an Excurſion to

LITTLE HAMPTON,

Near ARUNDEL,

AND

BRIGHTHELMSTON,

In SUSSEX,

IN 1778;

And alſo to the latter Place

IN 1779.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MDCC LXXX.



TO THE

READER.

TOWARDS the middle of *September* laſt, early in the morning, having taken poſſeſſion of a box in a City Coffee-houſe, which a gentleman had quitted on my entrance, I ſoon after obſerved ſeveral ſheets of written paper lying under the table. After

After vainly inquiring of the waiter, and at the bar, for an owner; the gentleman who was ſuppoſed to have dropt them being a ſtranger; by deſire of the Coffee-houſe-keeper, I brought the papers away with me, my addreſs being well known to him, and the ſtranger having expreſſed his intention of embarking ſpeedily for foreign parts.

On peruſal, it ſeems to be the looſe work of ſome whimſical writer, fraught with variety and ſomething of pleaſantry.—As it has

has not been ſince inquired after, contains nothing apparently abſurd or improper, and wears at leaſt an appearance of originality, am induced to publiſh it, and reſerve the clear produce, if any, for the benefit of the writer, ſhould he ever apply. — As a further juſtification for ſo doing, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that ſome ſort of publication was certainly intended, as appears by ſeveral paſſages in the courſe of the *Diary*.

Upon the whole, it ſeems to have been brought as naturally to

to my door, as an illegitimate child to that of an overſeer; and, ſhould the novelty amuſe, every preſent expectation will be fully anſwered, to

THE EDITOR.

London,
Oct. 21, 1778.

THE DIARY.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1778.

Written at the Beach Coffee-houſe.

AFTER having ſlept tolerably well at the *Spread-Eagle* Inn, *Gracechurch-ſtreet*, and leaving my ſnuff-box in my bed-room (a conſequential matter to thoſe who cannot

take every ſort of ſnuff, and yet are deſirous of ſome), about 5 A.M. found myſelf in the *Brighthelmſton* ſtage, which was filled as follows:

An elderly gentleman who had been in trade, from which he had retired, apparently in perfect eaſe; his lady ſat next him: a happy couple, enjoying their autumn of life with much complacency—Another lady, who had alſo paſſed the meridian, and whoſe preſent happineſs ſeemed to center in the hopes of her daughter's receiving benefit from the ſea-water: the daughter, a genteel young lady, delicate and reſerved; ſaid ſhe had read little, but, by the ſhrewd-

neſs

neſs of her remarks, when ſhe was pleaſed to make any, diſplayed a mind well cultivated—*it could not be otherwiſe, as we agreed upon every ſubject we ſtarted:* ſhe exhibited an amiable diſpoſition, but, above all, a *perfect ſubmiſſion*, and *attentive affection*, on every *ſuitable occaſion*, towards a fond parent (*a conduct in children ſeldom obſerved now-a-days*), which muſt reflect pleaſure to every conſiderate ſpectator —Among the above was ſeated a *jolly merry mortal* *, one of *Momus*'s train; a *fellow* who, like the Muletier in the *Sentimental* Journey, ſeemed to *care*

* The coach complement is ſix.

little about the *hows* and *whens* of life, for *yeſterday*, or for *to-morrow*:—in ſhort, if he had any *cares*, *he certainly kept them to himſelf*, or elſe he had left them behind him—"*he ſung*, *re-*" *parteed*, *and ſome ſmart ſtories* "*told*;" pretended, at leaſt, to know ſomething of every thing, endeavoured to be agreeable, and appeared to be the life of the company, by which means he diſſipated the natural gloom attendant upon moſt people when they firſt come together—and yet, after all, ſhrewdly ſuſpect that *care*, corroding *care*, lurked under the brow of the *being* in queſtion.—At *Epſom* entered an elderly clergyman, who, making up the complement, ſoon

ſoon joined in the mirth, told his ſtory, cracked his joke, and quaffed his glaſs in turn, as if impelled by the power of ſympathy.—We arrive at *Steyning*; all ſeparate, after having dined together and exchanged addreſſes, in excellent humour, but yet with much regret—*juſt emblem of human life.*——Pity ſuch harmonized, ſuch well-diſpoſed beings, ſhould ever part!—Pleaſe God, I'll ſee ſome of them ſoon at *Brighthelmſton.*—MEM. *Not above twenty miles from the place I am going to—nothing of a diſtance---to ſee a* FRIEND.

My friend, Mr. *Wilſon*, and his neareſt copartner, were ſo obliging

as to be in waiting for me at the *White Horſe*, at *Steyning*; and after dinner, he on horſeback, his wife and ſelf in a poſt-chaiſe, proceeded to *Little Hampton*, upwards of ſixteen miles, where arriving about duſk, after having obſerved a moſt glorious ſun-ſet, and expecting to be boxed up in a little room nine feet by five, in a ſmall thatched cottage, was agreeably ſurprized to be introduced into a lofty, ſpacious parlour, twenty-four feet by ſixteen, in a handſome, large, well built, lone houſe, called *Beach Coffee-houſe*, above one hundred yards from the edge of the ocean.

A moſt venerable, but, to my think-

thinking, a moſt melodious concert was now performed, as if to welcome my arrival, by the—whiſtling winds and roaring waves, upon an inſtrument called the—beach.——After a chearful repaſt, compleated by a bottle of excellent ſound Port, ſlept well, and roſe early; went down to the beach, and hailed the genial horrors of the hoary deep, with reverence and delight, gratefully remembering, that, by the permiſſion of its ſupreme Creator, it had many years ago rendered me ſafe to my native land from *America* ‡.

‡ In the year, 1747, from Boſton, with Sir Peter Warren, in the Cheſter, a fifty-gun ſhip.

Friday 14.

On the Beach.

IN the morning, early, attended the bathers, and the fiſhermen catching mullets: it blew freſh: ſurveyed the battery of ſeven eighteen-pounders; found the *governor* (who, like *Robinſon Cruſoe*, was without ſubjects) a ſenſible, civilized Scotchman. In the afternoon, took the benefit of a ſmart ſhower of rain, in an open boat to *Arundel* and back, about twelve miles in all, to aſk one of the medical tribe if I might bathe, having ſome reliques of the gout in my feet: could

could find only an apothecary's * boy at home; but, apprehenſive that, in ſome caſes, the *man* may know as much as the *maſter*, took my reſolution accordingly, and at five next morning, being

SATURDAY 15,

PLUNGED into the ſea head-foremoſt, wantoning there like a *dolphin*, (—Mrs. *Wilſon*, who was at ſome diſtance, obſerves, I might as well have

* Mr. *Hill*, an apothecary, who is angry that his ſervant ſhould be equalled with himſelf in any thing. Upon further conſideration, the Author is of opinion that this may be—*unjuſt*.

ſaid

ſaid *porpus*.—MEM. *Look upon it to be an amendment; ſo read porpus in future*)—but could not ſwim, or tumble along, quite as dexterouſly or as far. —Am ſo much pleaſed, that I go in again this afternoon, being almoſt reſolved to ſpend half my time on, in, and under the water.—In future, it is to be underſtood that I write and bathe early every day.

Met a perſon ‡ on the beach, apparently a clergyman; made an opening towards a converſation; informed him I had a volume of the *Spectator* in

‡ Dr. *Collins*, Under-Maſter of W——— ſchool.

my

my hand; endeavoured to be communicative, but in vain; aſked him what was the ſubject of his meditations, he having alſo a book; was anſwered, with rather a ſupercilious air, that "it concerned the Dead Languages;" for a moment, thought if he had been as dead as his languages, the world need not care about it; left him, as incurable:—all the ſea-water in the ocean will not abate the *furor* of *pride*.

Scaled the battery on the ſea ſide, and mounted the ramparts, tho' not ſword in hand; the paliſadoes were decayed, and in one place quite broken down. The governor of the guns

guns (for he has nothing elſe to go-vern) did not ſeem ſurprized at our mode of entry.

Query, Can this be called a place of defence?—and yet the general report ſeems to be in *London*, that hereabouts is the quarter upon which the *French* are expected to land.—Well, if they ſhould come, we have four ſoldiers in the village; ſo, have at them, my boys!—*Who's afraid? eh!*

Was ſhaved by a perſon bearing the name of *Churchill*, who ſnaps his fingers with an air, and informs me, that he was *regularly* bred at *Shoreham*. He is not only quite the *barber*,

ber, but the only barber in the place, and a man of ſuch conſequence, that he compels whom he pleaſes to wear their beards as long as he thinks proper--unleſs they can ſhave themſelves; while he viſits his lobſter-pots, or aſſiſts veſſels in or out of *Arundel* harbour.

He is alſo one of the band of muſic who perform at church on a Sunday. He is an artiſt upon the hautbois, and there is another who *operates* upon the baſſoon: they are ſelf-taught, in the courſe of nine or ten months. The remainder of the band is compoſed of eight or nine voices, who exclude the reſt of the congregation,

tion, from joining in the delectable exerciſe of *ſpaſmodic* PSALMODY.

SUNDAY 16.

Beach Coffee-houſe

WENT to church. The band performed rather—execrably, eſpecially the leader, who ſung, *as a man may ſay*, loudeſt and longeſt, altho' he has formerly parted with the palate of his mouth. Obſerv'd two inſcriptions over their heads in the gallery; *Play not! Laugh not!*—They diſobeyed the one, and I could ſcarce obſerve the other. They brought to mind

mind two favourite lines from Lord *Roſcommon*'s Art of Poetry:

None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they wou'd be thought.

The miniſter ‡, a young man, read prayers, and preached a ſermon upon the parable of the Prodigal Son, concerning which he made a moſt *ſwiniſh* diſcourſe. It was well calculated, and divided out, for the huſbandmen and other labourers, who

‡ A *Curate*, the vials of whoſe wrath are full againſt the *Author*. He hath printed his *ſermon*, to prove it was not a *ſwiniſh diſcourſe*. —Mem. Having been printed before, none read it. *Heu! heu!*

ſeemed

ſeemed ſtedfaſtly determined to do, or forbear, any thing, rather than eat huſks.—MEM. *Same Curate was to preach ſame ſermon, the ſame day, at two other churches: each of the churches are above two miles aſunder. Surely, it muſt be allowed to have been a* moving *diſcourſe!*

MONDAY 17.

The Crown at Arundel.

WE have four machines, and near thirty bathers. Improve in diving. Walked to *Arundel*, about four miles diſtant—a pleaſant country; dined there; ſurveyed the Duke of *Norfolk's* caſtle—

caſtle—a wonderful fine piece of neglected antiquity, filling the viſitor with a pleaſing melancholy, and affording a variety of moſt delightful proſpects: the paintings left are few, and many of them indifferent: a young *jack-aſs*, brought up by hand, and familiar as a ſpaniel, caught my attention much; I communed with him after the *Shandean* manner: broke a commandment, by *coveting my neighbour's aſs*.—*Arundel* is a market town; only one ſhed, occupied, on market-days, by one butcher; near it, a ſtone, on which, at like times, a fiſherman ſells his wares. The *Duke*, and Sir *John Shelly*, *ſend each, by conſent, one member to parliament*; and

their intereſt in the corporation is nearly equal. Our landlord at the *Crown*, the *Exciſe Office*, who ſeems to know as much as his neighbours, ſays he *never ſaw either of the candidates* (if candidates they might be called) but *on the day of election:* why then, if ſo, you know—*how can we be ruined?*—Heard guns in the offing: am told, with a proper wind, we can hear the report from *Spithead.*

TUESDAY 18.

Beach Coffee-houſe.

A *brother bather* ‡ breakfaſted with us; talked faſter than me, which

‡ A Dr. *Browne.*

wondered

wondered at. Believe him to be out of his right mind; judge elſe. He argued to the following effect:— That there was no *moral evil*, or *original ſin*; no ſuch thing as *conſcience*; that, wherever men or women could evade the force of law (that is, prevent detection), ſuch might do whatever they liſted, without fear; that *ſelf-ſlaughter* was no ſin. He ridiculed miracles; inſtanced that of the darkneſs and earthquake on the death of our Saviour, which none of the, commonly called prophane, writers of that time had taken the leaſt notice of; and held that all our actions were governed by *neceſſity* — Specious— had read much (fear to bad purpoſe),

and thereby miſuſed a conſiderable ſhare of talent.—On his requeſt, endeavoured to offer at a diſtinction between *preſcience* and *predeſtination* in the Deity; but, as he told me that in five minutes time I had not ſaid a ſingle word to the purpoſe, and ſeemed to have a freſh fit of infidelity coming on, I joked with, and conſigned him over to Mrs. *Wilſon*, thoroughly perſuaded that he could not *per*vert her, nor ſhe *con*vert him. In ſhort, he would "tye his ear to no tongue but "his own."—Lent him *Voltaire*'s *Candide*, or *All for the Beſt*, with which he ſeemed well pleaſed.

Mr. *Jefferies*, our landlord, is a good,

good, honeſt, well-tempered, obliging fellow, keeps this lodging-houſe, ſells a mug of ale (wiſh I could ſay good, which certainly may be ſaid of the wine), is proprietor of two of the bathing-machines, and works them himſelf, with the aid of a woman (a Mrs. *Zebedee*) to attend the ladies: he makes ropes; he fiſhes, and mends nets; goes out to ſea with companies in pleaſure-boats; is an amphibious animal, living as much in the water as on land: in ſhort, he ſeems to have as many diſtinct occupations as *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*. After the above, need not remark, ſurely, that he is induſtrious.—This afternoon our late-mentioned *viſitor* came upon

the beach, well mounted; ſaid a lady had juſt raviſhed—his ears with a ſong, from behind a hedge. Knowing his profeſſed principles, apprehended he had been the raviſher, in a more carnal ſenſe; but proceeding a little further on the ſands, we met Miſs *Brown* ‡, walking with her female companion. At that inſtant our doubts about Song and Rape as inſtantly vaniſhed. Spent the evening, comfortably and rationally, with my two friends; towards the heel of it, ſung him aſleep, and her nearly ſo. The ſea has encreaſed my ſpirits won-

‡ Miſs *Brown*, of Covent Garden Theatre.

derfully,

derfully, and I lower myſelf upon them, or any other kind ſoul I caſually meet with.

WEDNESDAY 19.

The ſame.

VENTURED upon the ſea, with our late *viſitor*. Poor Mrs. *Wilſon!* terribly afraid before, and extravagantly pleaſed after; a common caſe with the whole ſex. She behaved, however, like an heroine. Our boat run a race with another; outſailed, and eat her out of the wind. Trawled with a net; caught fiſh. Too little wind moſt of the time, but much

pleaſure.—Walked about three miles after, to ſee a friend: tired, ſo retired ſooner than uſual.

THURSDAY 20.

On the Settle.

MRS. *Wilſon* threw out ſeveral hints of her being alarmed, leſt our oppoſite neighbours ſhould land near *Little Hampton*. Took ſome pains to perſuade her, that the *French* muſt firſt be completely maſters of the Channel; in which caſe, it would certainly be their viſible intereſt to make a deſcent upon *Ireland*, where the people in general are much abuſed, and are labouring

labouring under a variety of moſt grievous neglects and oppreſſions ‡: that ſucceſs in ſuch an enterprize would ſhut *Little Britain* up in a corner, and utterly deprive her of her ſmall remaining trade; for ſhips might ſail from the *Iriſh* ports with all winds, and *Hibernia* would exchange extreme poverty for extreme plenty, by means of commerce. Believe my friend's judgment might have been convinced, but am not ſure her fears were overcome: and yet ſhe is a lady of deep penetration. She muttered ſomething about policy, and that ſhe had heard, that, in war, there is ſuch a thing as an enemy's landing by way of

‡ *Ireland* has been *ſince* relieved by *Parliament*.

making

making a feint, while the grand attack might be deſigned to be elſewhere.—In the afternoon, went with my friends to *Steyning*.

Mrs. *Wilſon* is going to *London*. We ſhall all miſs her—but eſpecially, and of courſe, her huſband.

FRIDAY 21.

Beach Coffee-houſe.

PARTED with our friend; in our return, an acquaintance, Mr. *Lloyd*, of *Hammerſmith*, killed a large black viper. Have picked up a freſh acquaintance, a Mr. *Napier*, a very ſenſible, elderly gentleman; has left off farming,

farming, and lives in *Green* pariſh, in the *Wealds* of *Suſſex*; drank tea with us; ſays a viper once ſprung at him firſt. Farmer *Oliver* ſays the ſame accident happened to him. This controverts a received opinion, that all venomous creatures are in fear of, and will avoid, mankind, if they can.—Muſt leave this knotty point, with others, to be unty'd by the naturaliſts.

The *wheat-ears* are in great abundance round us; one is juſt flown in thro' our window—*Wilſon* has caught it; it is pretty, and pants, poor thing! prodigiouſly. Agree to let it go—very tender—a long time before it would, or more properly could move--

move---it is gone at laſt.—The manner in which theſe ſmall birds, theſe Engliſh *ortolans* * as they are called, during the ſeaſon, are deprived of liberty and life, is ſimply thus:---The ſhepherds, while they tend their flocks on the adjacent downs, cut ſods of earth; each trench is as long as a middle-fized man's leg, and as wide at the top as the ſmaller part thereof, inclining towards the bottom nearly to an angle; theſe ſods they lay carefully on the turf ſide, acroſs, and not far from the left corner of the lower part of the trench—but why, I know

* The Italian *beccafica*, improved by their paſſage and feeding.

not;—

not;—open to the top of the trench, and croſs-ways, another turf, not ſo long, but wider, is cut out in like manner, and laid, with the bottom upwards, acroſs and over the nearer part of the trench, (that is, cloſe up with the communication part,) and underneath the latter turf, upon a ſmall flat ſtick which lies acroſs, hang two horſe-hair nooſes: — the victims, timid by nature to the laſt degree, and with a view of ſhunning even the ſhadows of the paſſing clouds upon the graſs, hop along the angular cut at the bottom of the trench, which is ſeveral inches deep, and are ſnared in paſſing under the fatal covering.— Theſe traps, ranged in great num-

bers,

bers, at equal diſtances, though ſeveral yards aſunder, along the ridges of the downs, look not much unlike ſmall artillery; and the form, being aukwardly that of a croſs, might in ancient times have been adopted, by direction of the Romiſh prieſts, to ſupply the ſhepherds and way-faring travellers with frequent objects for devotion: be that as it may, at ſtated times in the day, the ſnarers go round and collect their captives. When the ſeaſon is over, they put the ſods in their former places, and TIME, that grand *reſtorer* as well as *deſtroyer*, cures all. On the downs the ſhepherds apply to paſſengers to ſell; but near *Brighthelmſton*, am well

well informed, the innkeepers are in contract for all they catch, either to uſe in preſent, or to pot.—Where will be the boundary of monopoly?

Have juſt diſcovered a clear *echo*. An *echo* is like ſome lyars, in having a ſhort memory, and yet it ſeldom lyes;—it muſt be truſted with only one ſyllable at a time, and ſometimes the words muſt be repeated before a return is made. But commend me to the native *Iriſh echo*, where, if my account is true, ſhould you ſay, "How d'ye do, my dear?" the return would be, "Pretty well, I "thank you, Honey!"

SATURDAY 22.

On the Sands.

Mr. *Napier* is come on the beach, to take his leave;—by accident, ſays, he has my addreſs; 'twas given him by a gentleman with whom he ſpent the preceding evening at the *Dolphin*; that he had told the *ſtranger* he had juſt before drank tea with us at our apartments, and of courſe where I was. The *ſtranger* was to go off early this morning—have loſt my tide in going after him—he is gone.—Who is the *ſtranger?*—The elderly gentleman firſt mentioned, as part of the

the ſtage-coach company going to *Brighthelmſton*.—This perſon propoſed taking a poſt-chaiſe to *Little Hampton*, to ſee me; yet, he has juſt been in the ſame village, and could not ſo much as ſend a meſſenger, or leave an addreſs for me to find the ladies by, at *Brighthelmſton*: but there will I go, if it is only to upbraid this man with receding from a *ſerious* promiſe. How the old fool has mortify'd me! What! could not I make a more forcible and laſting impreſſion?—Do the ladies—will they approve of this neglect?—Well, I ſhall know all in a few days. And ſo, according to *Congreve*, this is THE

WAY OF THE WORLD, is it?—*This alſo is a juſt emblem of human life.*

SUNDAY 23.

At Court-Wic.

CONTRACTED an intimacy with a worthy, ſenſible *farmer*‡, of the place; ſat in his pew at church, after dinner, where was delivered a very *compoſing* diſcourſe; am aſhamed to own it *compoſed* me to ſleep.—Had a pleaſant walk to this place; heard much of huſbandry. Another farmer's dog has killed two very fine geeſe, which

‡ Mr. *Oliver*, of Little Hampton.

belonged

belonged to a poor labouring man, with a large family: he has preferred his complaint, and Mr. *Corney* ‡, the farmer, acknowledges the fact, but (according to a ſyſtem of law and equity peculiar to himſelf) has determined, that if ſo be as how the geeſe came in his dog's way, why—his dog, you know, had an undoubted right to—kill them; and therefore he would give—nothing towards the loſs. The ſufferer is without remedy from the farmer, tho' our ſmall party has aſſiſted to lighten his damage, as it

‡ Mr. *Corney* is very angry.—Mem. Says, he will ſet his dog at the *Author*, if he viſits Little Hampton any more.

may not be eaſy to prove, whether the geeſe dared, wantonly and audaciouſly, to come into the dog's way, or whether, not having the fear of conſequences before his eyes, with malice aforethought, he went in purſuit of them.

A bloody, barbarous, cruel, and inhuman murder, has lately been committed, near this ſpot, as we trace the blood through a whole field.—By the feathers, the fowl muſt have been of conſiderable magnitude. Believe *Reynard*, who is perdue in the neighbourhood, could tell more of this matter, if he thought it proper, and was able to—ſpeak.

Two

Two or three lines, in a letter friend *Wilſon* has juſt received from *London*, diſtreſs me more than an inſtant invaſion on the coaſt of *Suſſex* would do.

MONDAY 24.

At Little Hampton.

NOTHING material occurs.—O! yes, there is:—have juſt learned that the *Dukes*, the *Corneys*, the *Scarvels*, the *Hentys*, and the *Iſemongers*, have by intermarriage peopled the whole village; yes faith, according to Sir *Callaghan O'Braghlahan*, in *Love Alamode*, they ſeem to have peopled all *Little Hampton* with their own—hands.

TUESDAY 25.

Beach Coffee-houſe.

WENT to *Arundel*, where was a Cuſtom-houſe ſale of teas and liquors, and where the knowing-ones were taken in. The town's-people fancied friend *Wilſon* and ſelf, with poor Mr. and Mrs. *Lloyd*, being ſtrangers, and (as they gueſſed) *Londoners*, had formed a combination againſt them; ſo they got into a fine confuſion, and bid upon each other to conſiderably more than the value; as *Wilſon* tells me, for I know nothing of the matter, and am one of the laſt people who

who ſhould have been charged with being concerned in ſuch a ſort of confederacy. The abſurdity of the town's-people only proves, that nature is nearly the ſame every where.

A ſingular inſtance of induſtry occurs.—Mr. *Allen Wardell*, between twenty and thirty years ſince, came from *Newcaſtle*, in the capacity of a common ſailor: he has eight ſons and four daughters, and is at preſent a wine-merchant, ſettled at *Arundel*. He and his ſons, after he has made them take off their ruffled ſhirts, build their own veſſels, with their own hands, from the laying down of the keels; they rig, they navigate ſaid

veſſels, and fetch their own cargoes, by which means part of this coaſt is ſupplied with genuine ſound Port, at very reaſonable rates. Such men are a bleſſing to the age and ſtate they live in: was my time to come over again, might ſtrive to get one of the daughters, as the goodneſs of ſuch a breed, for induſtry at leaſt, cannot be doubted.—If this account is approved of, landlord *Jefferies* ſhould be thanked, who has juſt finiſhed it, while I have been ſeemingly much engaged in counting over four dozen and four bottles, which are this inſtant arrived.—Wiſh the wine had been longer bottled!—Poor *Jefferies!* —'tis blood for blood—it ſeems our land-

landlord makes the ropes, with which theſe valuable members of ſociety rig their veſſels.

WEDNESDAY 26.

NOTHING material.

THURSDAY 27.

Crown and Anchor.

TOOK leave of Mr. and Mrs. *Lloyd*—left *Little Hampton* with more than one ſigh—arrived in the evening at the *Crown and Anchor*, in *Brighthelmſton*, for the firſt time in my life.

All is *confuſion* and *conſequence* here,—
The building of *Babel* and *Vanity Fair*.

Enquired

Enquired at the poſt-office, but found my ſtage-coach acquaintance had not left his addreſs, according to repeated voluntary *promiſes:---emblem of human life further verified.*—Lay at the above tavern.

FRIDAY 28.

The ſame.

WALKED on the *Steine* *.—Mr. *Thomas* and Miſs *Widget* both have libraries, and are very obliging people; cannot ſay a great deal in favour

* Steyne or Steine. Sax. Stone or Stoney.—Underneath has been diſcovered part of a Roman way.

of either of their libraries, but believe they would be much better, was there not a want of ſpirit ſomewhere elſe.—Saw the aſſembly rooms; the new one, near the *Steine*, is extremely grand, tho' the cieling and ornaments are by no means ſo elegant and high-finiſhed as thoſe in the buildings called *Portland Place*, in *London*.—Found out the four perſons who came down with me to *Steyning*; reproached them with *inſincerity*, and then left them. Spent the evening with *Wilſon*, who had been to *Lewes*. Lay at the *Crown and Anchor* again.—MEM. *They charge two ſhillings a night for lodging; too much, at leaſt when*

when one lives at the ſame houſe. Will remove to a private lodging to-morrow.

SATURDAY 29.

The ſame.

FRIEND *Wilſon* has left me—additional reaſon for removing. A *major* ‡ in the army, one who calls himſelf a jolly companion, dined with us—would help every one, and officiouſly puſh the bottle about, calling conſtantly for a freſh one before the

‡ Major *Redding*, a brave old officer, *well known by his acquaintance* to have been at *Fontenoy*, &c. in the war before laſt.

former

former was finiſhed. The aſſurance with which this conduct was ſupported, for once ſucceeded, and I was fully reſolved to give no occaſion to ſneer at the *Londoner* as a milkſop, and alſo to avoid ſuch company in future. In the courſe of our being together, the *Major* gave *Succeſs to his Majeſty's arms in all quarters of the world!*—Refuſed to join in the toaſt:—declared, that, had it been to any perſon's health, I would have conformed, but in the preſent caſe, *as I had all along believed the* ENGLISHMEN *ſettled in* AMERICA *had been unjuſtly treated*, would not. Being determined, it was waved by the officer, who urged, that he eat his Majeſty's bread, and thought

thought it is duty;—that a ſoldier's principal virtue was *obedience.*—Obſerved, that I apprehended this to be a miſtake, being aſſured that he and his maſter both eat the bread of the public; and that, if he thought it his duty to do whatever he was ordered, it furniſhed me with further reaſons why the army-eſtabliſhment ſhould not be encreaſed,—among the reſt, leſt the military, at ſome future inauſpicious day, ſhould be ordered to cut my throat.—Came here with a view of reſtoring health, not to impair it; ſo bargained with a woman for a lodging in *Middle-ſtreet Lane:* conveyed my effects there, when found her huſband had let the apartment, in

in the interim, to another perſon, who was in poſſeſſion: it being after dark, wiſhed the man and his wife had had a *cloſer correſpondence*, at leaſt in this reſpect. The good woman went with me to a poor man's houſe †, in *Ship-ſtreet*, who has a large family; took a ſmall bed-room the ſooner on that account, tho' the muſic is rather too powerful, for *the cherubims and ſeraphims continually do cry*. This, added to the ſpiritual ſongs and hymns which ſome females ‡ in the next houſe are continually chaunting, make up ſomething like a concert—wiſh I could ſay it conſiſted of concords: that

† Mr. *Mercer*, a ſhoe-maker; an induſtrious, worthy man.

‡ Attend[illegible] at lady *Huntingdon*'s chapel.

it

it did, Dr. *Crotch* ‡, I am ſure, would perſiſt in denying.

SUNDAY

‡ *Billy Crotch*, the muſical child from *Norwich*, born July 5, 1775, at any diſcordant ſound expreſſes much uneaſineſs. His EAR muſt be moſt *exquiſitely organized*, and his MEMORY *ſingularly ſtrong*. As a proof of the *former*, the *Diariſt* lately went to Mrs. *Hart*'s, Millener, in *Piccadilly*, with a muſical lady, a near relation, who produced a difficult piece of muſic, lately compoſed, never out of her poſſeſſion, nor ever copied. The treble being played to him for the firſt time, at the ſame inſtant the infant added an agreeable baſs. He played ſeveral new tunes which he ſeemed particularly pleaſed with, as ſhe ſung them, cloſely obſerving her mouth, as if to catch the iſſuing voice. He expreſſes the notes of any tune he may have heard on a ſmall violin intelligibly, playing left handed; on a large violin

SUNDAY 30.

The ſame.

HAD a deſign to acknowledge I had lain *tolerably* well; but my landlord having juſt informed me the bed has been lain upon, by not only lords and knights, but alſo eſquires,

violin he does the ſame, holding it downwards like a violoncello. Without ſeeing the keys, he names any note ſounded, and never miſſes.—He plays ſeveral tunes on the ſticcado paſtorali, and likewiſe names the note ſtruck by any other perſon on wine-glaſſes, tumblers, or decanters, or which may be ſounded by any clock, church, or other bells.—As to the *latter excellence*, he recollects and performs any air he ſeems pleaſed with, ſeveral days after, if played to him two or three times over: in moſt caſes he is not able to do it immediately.

upon further recollection, I ſay—*very* well: only hope, in ſuch caſes, it was placed for ſuch perſonages, at leaſt, in a better bed-chamber. Have ſurveyed this town thoroughly; like the place well enough, but abominate both townſmen and viſitors. The townſmen look upon all ſtrangers as lawful prize, a ſort of *God-ſends*, as the *Corniſh-men* call wrecks,---thoſe whom *God* has ſuffered to be afflicted, or to afflict themſelves—ſuch as needs muſt when the *Devil* drives. The townſmen ſeem to have forgot that the ocean encircles an iſland: another ſuch ſeaſon as the preſent, however, may clear up this myſtery, tho' not, perhaps, to their entire ſatisfaction.—The people who come to bathe, ap-

pea

pear reſerved and ſullen, of courſe unſociable, as if the principal complaint they laboured under was *pride*; and, as to the efficacy of ſea-water in ſuch caſes, have given my opinion before. —The principal buſineſs going on among the *great* vulgar is gaming. —After all, as many ſharpers undoubtedly reſort to theſe places, reſervedneſs in general may be ſomewhat excuſable; but yet, muſt remark, this makes *Brighthelmſton* a very diſagreeable place to me: to ſelect parties it may be pleaſurable; but not belonging to any ſuch, am ſincerely ſorry I left *Little Hampton*.

This town is built on ſpots, in

 patches,

patches, and for want of regularity does not appear to advantage: every man, as to building, ſeems to have done what appeared right in his own eyes.—Here is no magiſtracy: if there is an affray, the parties muſt go as far as *Lewes*, which is much the prettier town, to have it ſettled. Upon recollection, this town may be the quieter for having no trading juſtices reſident on the ſpot.---Am ſince informed, a gentleman in the commiſſion of the peace attends here occaſionally from *Lewes*.—There can be no antiquities; for *Brighthelmſton* was only a ſmall obſcure village, occupied by fiſhermen, till ſilken *Folly* and bloated *Diſeaſe*, under the auſpices of a Dr.

a Dr. *Ruſſel*, deemed it neceſſary to croud one ſhore, and fill the *inhabitants* with contempt for their *viſitors*.

MONDAY 31.

On the Cliſt.

BREAKFASTED at the *New Ship*: the *Old Ship* has too much cuſtom. Incline to encourage an *oppoſition*; for wherever that is the caſe, the public is beſt uſed.

A young *mouſe* has fallen down a ſtep into my room—ſo young, it cannot get up again: am reſolved not to kill it. What right have I wan-

tonly to prejudice the ſmalleſt link in the great chain of animated nature? It has done me no injury—it hath purloined none of my provender; for I am unprovided—am only a lodger. Have told my landlady, however, 'tis here, by way of quieting my conſcience, and ſhe ſeems to care little about that, or any thing elſe—ſo what is it to me?—It is certainly no affair of mine.

Mr. and Mrs. *Lloyd* are this inſtant arrived, and have found me out: have communicated my grievances; "*and* "*griefs, when divided,*" as the old ſong ſays, "*are huſh'd into peace.*"—But a plague attends it; they ſet off, after

after dinner, for the hamlet of *Hammerſmith*, in the vicinity of the *metropolis*.

A gentleman, riding ſlowly, paſt —have juſt ſaid to Mrs. *Lloyd*, he is very like Alderman *Croſby*; but it cannot be he, for, by the news-paper accounts of laſt week, he is dead. ---He calls me by my name: I ſhake hands with the alderman; ſo am ſure it is not a departed ſpirit, and with much ſatisfaction aſk the quondam ſtate-priſoner, how he does. "To-"lerably well for a dead man," is the anſwer:—he has not looked better however for ſome years. If, by the bye, the new-papers take ſuch

a liberty with any man as to kill him, the proprietors are certainly bound to reſtore him to life again, thro' the ſame vehicle.

The *Lloyd*'s have left me.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

The Settle.

Mr. *Griffiths*, of *Drury-lane play-houſe*, with much civility, conducts me to the *Theatre* in *North-ſtreet*, in which *company* he is *concerned*; am fearful the manager is moſt *concerned*, at—the badneſs of the ſeaſon, for here ſeems a *plentiful lack* of *company*. But, not to play too much upon words, it

it is a pretty building, ſomething larger than that at *Richmond*, and ſeems well adapted to its intended uſes.

Do not dine to-day, the reaſon for which forbearance may be diſcloſed to-morrow.—Mean ſoon to viſit the lineal deſcendants of *Theſpis*.

WEDNESDAY 2.

The New Ship.

THE *Lloyd*'s had left me a cold roaſt duck; and, being determined to write at home all day, I fetched it wrapped up in paper from the *George* in

in *Weſt-ſtreet*, where they quartered. Thoughtful to ſelect freſh matter for the Diary, or, paſſing along thro' *Middle-ſtreet-lane*, thinking, if the *reader* pleaſes, like Dr. *Laſt*'s parſon, of—nothing at all, with my newly-acquired property, I felt a ſmart tug, and, turning round, obſerved a huge dog making off with all practicable ſpeed, and, to my entire confuſion, with my duck in his mouth. Muſt confeſs I was agitated by a variety of paſſions, among which none of the ſmalleſt was *rage*, to be outwitted, or rather *over-reached*, by even a *Brighthelmſton* dog. Well, there was but ſhort time for deliberation, and it is plain, from the circumſtance, I was badly

badly gifted, as to preſence of mind. What was to be done?—By the aid of four feet he ran faſteſt, in a moment more would turn the corner, and be out of ſight; perhaps too, poor devil! the *thief* might be ſteeped, tho' not in *poverty*, according to *Shakeſpeare*, yet in *hunger*, up to the very *lips*. I knew where to procure another duck—he might not at that particular juncture. I knew alſo, almoſt by experience, that *hunger* would extinguiſh all *principle*, and that *hoſpitality* was below water-mark at *Brighthelmſton*.—In ſhort, I refrained from raiſing the hue and cry, or even attempting to promote a purſuit.

I went

I went home, determined to mortify myſelf, for my careleſſneſs, by recording this, and former adventures, until dark. Did ſo: ſallied forth, and, ordering a ſmall diſh of fiſh at the *New Ship*, made one good meal paſs for dinner and ſupper.—MEM. *Waiter and maſter (the former ſeems the latter) hardly care if they ſerve a wayfaring paſſenger or not, unleſs he wears a horſe, or carries a carriage about with him.*

THURSDAY

THURSDAY 3.

On the Beach.

A monſtrous fiſh, called a *Tunie*, but not much unlike a ſhark, lies on the ſhore, wearing two double rows of large maſticators:—it has broke the net, and, towards mending ſame, the fiſhermen collect money of the curious. But is not this impolitic, eſpecially as ſuch exhibitions happen very frequent? For might not ſuch a voracious monſter come, or be toſs'd nearer in, and fiſh in its turn for *human white bait?*—Aſk a fiſherman about this, who, with an arch leer, aſſures

aſſures me they are forbid coming nearer in ſhore than ſix or ſeven miles, which, without doubt, I ſwallow implicitly. "Mark how the toe of "the peaſant doth kibe the heel— "(I was going to ſay) of the cour- "tier!"

FRIDAY 4.

At the Theatre.

IN the evening went to Mr. *Griffiths*'s benefit, the *Weſt-Indian*, by deſire of Lady *Mills*; much, but pleaſingly diſappointed, becauſe the company performed a great deal better than from information I had been

been taught to expect: the ladies alſo were, what all ſtage-ladies not always are,—extremely *decent*.

SATURDAY 5.

At the Sign of the King and Queen, in North-Row.

SAW the militia exerciſe—*very well indeed*—for new-raiſed levies:—I look upon them with pleaſure; they are the natural defence of the nation. The word of command is "Quar-"ters!"—They diſperſe.—A private man near me mutters, "I have ex-"changed the pen, maſter, for Brown "Beſs."—Turning towards him, he

he addreſſes me by my name, ſaying he had been an attorney's clerk about ten years, but, having an extravagant, ailing wife—(Query, *Might not ſhe have had an idle, drunken huſband?*)—and ſo, it being long vacation, he had accepted ten guineas to ſerve under his *Grace* the *Duke of Richmond*, rather than under the keeper of a jail for debt; that *he* and his *Grace* had differed at firſt, the *law*-ſoldier contending, that, by having belonged to the law, he was a *gentleman*, and the *Duke* acknowledging he was a *gentleman*, but then inſiſting it was in virtue of his now being a *gentleman* ſoldier; he muſt, therefore, conform to duty accordingly: that he had done ſo,

ſo, much to the approbation of his officers, and was in hopes ſoon of obtaining a halbert. In truth, the man exerciſed well, ſo gave him credit for one half of his narrative; for my new acquaintance acknowledged he had been twice in the *black-hole*, and once tried by a *court-martial*, within two months, for doing of—*nothing*, to be ſure. The *gentleman*, at any rate, got an extra cup of ale, in conſequence of the conference.

SUNDAY 6.

The Caſtle-Inn.

WENT to Lady *Huntingdon*'s chapel in *North-ſtreet*, in the even-

ing; the miniſter ‡, a gentleman, and ſcholar, but apt to wax warm, and, like ſome other extempore preachers, at ſuch times, capable of uttering—almoſt nonſenſe. He told us, that divine grace was beſtowed unmerited, nay unſollicited; that in a book, before the beginning of the world, it was recorded who ſhould be ſaved, and who ſhould not.—Strange doctrine, in my apprehenſion!—Oh! the incomprehenſibility of incomprehenſion!—He attacked the neighbouring building, where lewd plays were acted, and, with a loud voice, pointed at, and ſeemingly charged me with

‡ A Mr. *Wills*, a *Quietiſt*, who ſtrikes the pulpit violently with his hands, and thunders on the bottom with his feet.

having

having been there. I anſwered, "It was certainly true."—He then ſaid, "he doubted not but I ſhould go there again." My reply was, "Probably I may."—He then ſpoke louder, and ſaid, "Perhaps you will turn into ridicule what you have heard here." "Nothing more likely," rejoined I; "part of it is too much deſerving."—MEM. *My part of the dialogue was internal, and therefore not heard by the reſt of the congregation.*

HUTTON, one of the ſucceſſors to Mr. FOOTE, who was perdue in a corner, went away muttering, that he would take off the miniſter at his

benefit. I adviſed him to the contrary.—[MEM. *He took my advice.*] —There ſeem to me faults on both ſides. Why ſhould the ſons of the Sock perform ſuch an obnoxious piece as the *Epilogue* * to the *Minor?*

MONDAY 7.

My own Apartment.

MY landlord ‡ is perſuading his eldeſt ſon, and of courſe heir-apparent, a young prince *Criſpin*, to go

* Wherein Providence is ſeemingly ſneered at.

‡ Mr. *Mercer*, it ſeems, is angry, and denies this; but it is nevertheleſs true.

to

to ſea. Deſire the father to viſit the church-yard, and, upon various monuments of youth, he may obſerve the following inſcription:

Parents and Friends, weep not for me,
Tho' I was drowned in the Sea!——

and then, after due deliberation, if he choſe to renew his perſuaſions, he muſt uſe his pleaſure. The poor man ſeemed overwhelmed in thought, and much ſtruck.—Perhaps the lad may ſuffer no further ſollicitation on this account, unleſs his father ſhould turn out to be a ſtaunch predeſtinarian.

Mr. Alderman *Bull*, of *London*, is building a houſe on the *Clift*; a

 window

window ſemicircular, like that at *Baltimore* or *Bolton* houſe, is in each ſtory. Am told he meets with many obſtacles in the execution of his deſign.—Surely it is for the intereſt of theſe people to have ſuch men become reſident among them; but he is denied a convenient entrance to his building *.

TUESDAY 8.

On the Downs.

BREAKFAST with a *brother* † by occupation, and his family; a very

* A cellar-window to the adjoining houſe projects before his ſtreet-door.

† An Attorney.

worthy,

worthy, ſociable ſet.—Have been with them to view the *Devil's Dyke*, but am more pleaſed with the proſpect of an extenſive valley on the oppoſite ſide of the hill, among the wealds of *Suſſex*; the plots of ſcattered villages, immerſed among trees, and truly picturesque: contraſted with Old Ocean, and the barren downs round *Brighthelmſton* — altogether, it has a fine effect.

WEDNESDAY 9.

My own Apartment.

DINED with the ſame company at *Shoreham*, where we could get—

nothing to eat.—No fiſh. Such a fiſhing-town! — Well, patience! — Bread and cheeſe, with bad beer; wine, ſo-ſo.—MEM. *The young woman looked ſour, upon our aſking if it was a corporate town, and whether the* CHRISTIAN CLUB *uſed to dine at this houſe; tho' there is no other, fit to accommodate* CHRISTIANS *or heathens in:—no, nor this neither, as Sir* Phelim M'Grah *might be tempted to add.*

" If money comes in, as believe it won't—I'll buy me a comfortable under-petticoat againſt next winter," ſaid a fiſherman's wife this morning upon the clift, who to appearance ſeemed miſerably poor. Whether any,

any, or what aſſiſtance I lent her towards ſuch an acquiſition, is nothing to the *reader*; but, if nothing was given, am fully convinced it ought to have been otherwiſe; as I certainly ſnatched a ſmack—of her manner, in the following remark, which was made immediately after: — " If I ſhould come to *Brighthelmſton* again, (ſaid I to myſelf,) as firmly believe I never ſhall—I'll manage my matters more comfortably next time;—beſides, I ſhall not only know better, but perhaps be better known."— " O yes!" methinks the eager houſekeepers ſay, " if we know him, we'll throw him over the clift." " If you ſhould," ſay the proud viſitors,

" we'll

"we'll not inquire after the *low* ‡ fellow: the fiſhermen ſwear they'll ſhew him on the beach for a monſter" —not of *ingratitude*, at leaſt, I hope —But to proceed: the world, among numberleſs other vile compariſons, may be compared to a—large tinder-box, containing plenty of tinder, with flints and matches;—if you carry a proper ſteel about with you, you may ſtrike a light wherever, and when, you pleaſe.

'Tis towards the cloſe of day; the

‡ Read *Henry Fielding* and *Smollet* on the *Low*, and *Burke* or *Longinus* on the *Sublime*, and then the reader may read—this little book.

ſky

ſky lours—the wind blows—the roaring billows, exchanging their natural green for white heads, in curling ſheets, daſh upon the pebbled beach, and retire with a whiſtling, hollow noiſe—they foam in rapid ſucceſſion. Awful, yet juſt imagery of the true Sublime!—In deep contemplation on ſo tremendous a ſubject, am leaning over the rail on the edge of the clift, near the bottom of *Middle-ſtreet*.

A brigantine, that, by frequent trips to *Newcaſtle*, ſupplies this place with coals, for fear of privateers, is cloſe in ſhore, riding hard, and lengthening out her cable for relief. —Not far off, on my right-hand, ſtands

ſtands Mr. *Davis* ‡, chief owner:—is apprehenſive ſhe may not ride it out—but confides, under God, in his partner, the captain, who is on board.—On my left, and very near me, reclining upon the rail, with eyes fixed anxiouſly towards the labouring veſſel, is a young maiden, dreſſed plain but neat. Her earneſt countenance, claſped hands, and whole

‡ This Mr. *Davis* is another ſingular inſtance of induſtry: he is a liberal-minded man, and has, what is rare to be met with, the good word of every one. Mr. *Davis* denies this: he ſays an old woman, who lives in *Black-Lyon-ſtreet*, could never be brought to give him a good word—a ginger-bread buſineſs, perhaps, when a boy.

frame

frame agitated, as if in contact with the troubled wave, denote a troubled mind: ſhe heaves forth many a ſigh, and in a tremulous tone of voice, expreſſive of her fears, informs me—her true-hearted *William* is on board —" See, Sir," ſays ſhe, " there he ſtands!—Now, now he waves his ſilk handkerchief towards us!" — Then, with a ſmile, which ought to deprecate the wrath of the moſt ſavage power, ſhe ſaid, exultingly, " I gave him that handkerchief!—Poor creature!—am ſure I never throw a coal on the fire without thinking of him!" She then put her handkerchief, another of the ſame pattern, to her eyes. —Having been at work below, methought

thought he looked black, like *Othello*, while ſhe ſeemed innocently enamoured, like *Deſdemona*.—May their fate be unlike!—Methinks too I hear him repeat, with ſome variations from the text, *She loves me for the dangers I paſs; and I love her, that ſhe does pity them.*—By her information (for grief makes people communicative) I learnt that ſhe was a farmer's daughter, and ſervant-maid in the neighbourhood; that their mutual paſſion had long ſubſiſted, and been encreaſed by ſhort and frequent abſence; that he was all truth and goodneſs—"but "that ſhe was now doubly unhappy, "from the fear of the preſs, and the "danger of the weather."—*God tem-*

peri

pers the wind to the ſhorn lamb, quoted I—from another favourite author.—" Anan, Sir!" cries the girl—" See, Sir!"—catching faſt hold of my ſleeve—" Good God! how the veſſel pitches and heaves!"—" The drops that ſacred *Pity* does engender" now ſwell into my eyes; her diſorder became contagious.—To ſympathize with human woe, muſt be familiar to *a man of ſorrow—one who is acquainted with grief.*—" May no rude blaſt, or other miſhap from the hands of Brutality and Injuſtice," cried I aloud, " involve this innocent couple in deeper calamity; but let *honeſty* of heart be requited with *happineſs!*"—" *It cannot be otherwiſe, Sir,*" ſaid

blue-

blue-eyed Suſan, looking up in my face—"*for we neither of us had a former love.*"—"May *Providence* confirm your *opinion* by *experience!*" replied I. "But do not be too ſecure."—"Amen!" ſaid ſhe, as loud. "Thank ye, Sir, again and again; and, in return, may your beſt wiſhes be—"—It was dark—all nature was a univerſal blank—we parted.

THURSDAY 10.

The ſame.

WAS early on the cliſt; found the brig had ridden ſafe, and, after my morning's bathing, went on board, to ſhake hands with honeſt *William*, who is

is quite the character—as hearty a fellow as ever broke biſcuit with his elbow, or lent a hand to—empty a can of flip. Am pleaſed with my new acquaintance: it is pure nature; and—" thou, *Nature*, art my goddeſs."

Thoſe who have been uſed to tune violins, or hear them tuned, muſt have obſerved, that, by turning a peg the ſmalleſt degree to much, a ſtring is frequently ſnapped. It is an obſervation which may be made more uſeful in real life than many would at firſt imagine. How often is it ſeen, that men, by accident thruſt into advantageous ſituations, grow

wanton with ſucceſs, and, not being ſo able to bear proſperity as adverſity, advance upon their ſtations, until they find themſelves where they firſt ſet out, if not in a worſe condition? —To quote inſtances in a matter ſo obvious, might be deemed an inſult: ſhall not, therefore, throw out a hint higher than the caſe of the *Marybone* builders and ground-owners; nay, am led thereby, almoſt involuntarily, to conſider this place. The value of land hereabout has riſen ſo high, that it may be dangerous to attempt raiſing it higher, eſpecially as the complaiſance, moderation, and attention to convenience in the town's-people, do not keep pace with the encouragement

ment received. Mr. *Dring* ‡ has juſt built an elegant houſe, and opened a grocer's ſhop in *North-ſtreet*; the ground whereon the houſe ſtands, lately coſt four hundred and ſeventy-five guineas; he was offered five hundred for it the next day after his purchaſe, altho' eight years ago the very ſame piece of ground was hawked about for ſale at no more than ſixteen —pounds.

In the afternoon ſaw the militia exerciſe again. Adjutant *Jones* bawls, and ſwears, like an experienced officer; but the Duke, who is at pre-

‡ Dead ſince the firſt publication—his widow carries on the trade.

ſent gone from this place, deems him a ſkilful diſciplinarian.—It may be ſo! —wiſh, nevertheleſs, that this *quondam* * *inferior* would drink leſs wine in an afternoon, and then he might not only be enabled to give the word of command plainer, but perhaps he would not call out to another commiſſioned officer ‡, as he is now doing, that G—d d—n him if he has not more trouble with ſaid officer than all the men put together.—Am *poſitive* he cannot derive a precedent for ſuch conduct from his *noble ſuperior*.—It is ſubmitted, that ſuch expreſſions are

* Formerly a Drummer.

‡ Lieutenant *Rigge*, an excellent young officer.

highly

highly unbecoming, and ſhould by no means be uſed by one officer to another—at leaſt within the hearing of the privates; it cuts up ſubordination by the roots,—teaches them to ſwear, which they already do — with — I mean, without grace; and thereby, as my favourite author ſays, "quite athwart goes all decorum."

On the whole, that part of the *Suſſex* militia which has come within my view, is compoſed of fine fellows, well diſciplined, conſidering they have not been embodied much above two months. But the Duke is indefatigable in whatever he undertakes;—marching on foot, at the head of his

troops, up hill, down dale, and thro' the ſtubble land. He ſays, if he can make them dreſs bad ground well, there need be no doubt of their dreſſing as they ought, where it is good.

FRIDAY 11.

On the Steyne.

HIS *Grace*, among many other good rules, has eſtabliſhed the following:—The commiſſioned officers, of all ranks, meſs together, himſelf making one; each contributes proportionably to the pay he receives; the dinner conſiſts of plain joints of meat, and the whole expence is trivial, in compariſon of what might be expected:

pected: 'tis true, the tavern-keeper gets little, but amends is made by the ſuperior officers at other times, who are charged at the rate of a ſhilling, perhaps, for a diſh of tea or coffee, or a very ſmall baſon of thin ſoup; and ſo all parties are contented.

SATURDAY 12.

King and Queen.

AM at the above houſe in *North-row*, near the *Parade*, and, agreeable to what I hinted the 10th inſtant, a militia-man has juſt been noticing to his comrade, with an *officer-like* oath, that the Lieutenant near them

on the Parade was nobody at *ſojering*, their Adjutant having ſaid ſo the day before.—The force of example in ſuperiors is aſtoniſhing: as a proof, ſome years ſince two or three principal officers reeled out of a bagnio in *Covent-Garden*, and went upon the Parade, in *St. James's Park*, with the uſually front corner of their hats placed over their right ears; the practice ever ſince became almoſt univerſal, and not a common ſoldier can viſit his lady, up three pair of ſtairs in *St. Giles's*, without this careful—careleſs appearance of head-dreſs.

SUNDAY

SUNDAY 13.

On the Cliſt.

TOOK the liberty of ſurveying all the bathing-machines.—Fine ladies going—fine ladies coming away.—Obſerve them at the inſtant of bathing. How humiliating!—They appear more deplorable than ſo many corpſes in ſhrouds, and put me in mind of the old dialogue between *Death* and the *Lady*.—Methinks the *guide* is ſaying, in the character of *Death*,

Fair lady, lay your coſtly robes aſide,
Nor longer think to glory in your pride!

Surely,

Surely, ſuch conſiderations might aſſiſt to abate the pride of an helpleſs, infirm animal, tho' a—fine lady.—But away with ſuch gloomy ſentiments! The ladies certainly appear to be on a level with the meaneſt of their ſex, agreeable to the old proverb, quoted by Mrs. *Winifred* in *Humphrey Clinker*, on another occaſion, viz. That "*all cats in the dark are grey.*"—And now, hey for *London!*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

SINCE finiſhing the *Diary*, am apprehenſive, among a number of objections, one more may ariſe, —my not having noticed the meeting of the *Lewes* and *Brighthelmſton* diviſions of the *Suſſex* militia, during the time I was at the latter town, when old and young, rich and poor, healthy and ſick, idle and induſtrious, to the amount of ſeveral thouſands, poured out to *review* the troops ‡;

‡ A ſermon was preached, a flag was conſecrated, and the ladies danced with the officers, on the downs.

but

but I did not go, for divers weighty reaſons — among *fifty* others — becauſe, tho' I am well pleaſed with the progreſs made by that national bulwark, the militia, am by habitude diſguſted with the art of war *. My nerves may be relaxed, and my feelings may have been irritated; but I had rather occupy a ſmall lone houſe, near the border of a navigable river, or on the clifts near the ſea, with the company I love, than the moſt ſuperb manſion, in any garriſon'd town, or dock-yard, in *Europe*. I do not like " the pride, pomp, and circum-

* Brand not the Author with cowardice; he bled in the ſervice of his country, at Louiſburgh, in America, in 1745.

ſtance

ſtance of *glorious* war :" it is an art I can never think well pleaſing to the *Prince* of *Peace*, to the *Sovereign*, the God of *Harmony*, tho' all ſides, in every conteſt ſince the formation of ſtates, lay conſtant claims to divine aſſiſtance : the *creſcent* of the *Muſſulmen* has been bleſſed for ages by the ſervants of their *Holy Prophet*, and the *croſs* of *Chriſtendom* has been as often ſanctified by the *Roman Pontiff*; nevertheleſs, I like not the extremes of preaching ſermons, and conſecrating flags, concerning an *unnatural* ſcience, whereby the human race deſtroy each other like wild beaſts, and without *reaſon* extinguiſh that RAY OF THE DIVINITY lent to each individual, at leaſt

leaſt while upon earth. Beſides, the above-mentioned action of the day has been recorded in all the prints—it has been haſhed and heated again and again: vain would it be therefore, and hardly *ſentimental*, for me to recount the manœuvres practiſed on the occaſion—the exhortation, the conſecration, and how featly the lords, ladies, &c. footed it on the plain—how much was eat and drank, moſt completely ſerved up by Mr. *Hicks*, and as completely paid for on the ſpot by his *Grace* of *Richmond*, notwithſtanding a *ſcandalous* chronicle had the impudence to aver the contrary.—But here let me ſtop, and aſk pardon of the gentle reader; for gentle

reader

reader I truſt he will be.—I cannot continue to countenance a deception; it burns like a coal of fire. Take the truth, and deal with me as you pleaſe; but—" *hear* before you *ſtrike.*"

I had caſt in my mind to publiſh this little work, if a work it may be allowed to be, and had conſulted a printer thereon, who, by the rules of his myſtery, computed that the *Diary* wanted ſome more copy to complete the ſeven ſheets intended, and I have been obliged to take the preſent mode of complying with his ſtern beheſts. — As to the proceſſion, and its circumſtances, I might have ſaid I *could* not relate it, or, pleading

pleading my privilege, that I *would* not, or indeed any other what-not that I pleaſed; but ſuch mean advantages I deteſt.—To finiſh, then, by permiſſion, ſhall wind up with a ſtory; for I dearly love to lug an old ſtory forward, when opportune, and within my reach.

Upon the opening of an aſſize at a county town, in ancient times, the parties ſummoned to ſerve on a *jury* were called over, and one of them not anſwering, the *judge* ordered the uſual fine; but the intended *foreman* (a man choſen, doubtleſs, for his extreme gravity and great ſenſe) aroſe to excuſe the *abſentee*:—"My *Lord*, ſaid he, I ſhall

I ſhall at preſent offer to your *Lordſhip* only *fifty* reaſons towards excuſing our *brother's abſence*; and the firſt is, my *Lord*, that, unfortunately, he — *died* laſt week, and has been ſince regularly interred, according to the rites and cere———." "Hold! hold!" ſaid his *Lordſhip*. "Maſter *Foreman*, you may ſpare yourſelf recollecting any more of your reaſons; the *firſt* ſhall ſuffice. Maſter *Sheriff*, let no *Diſtringas* iſſue; we do not ſo much as wiſh for the *appearance* of the *party ſummoned:*"—which ſaying, he diſmiſſed the remainder of the *Jury*, and thereby, *for reaſons beſt known to himſelf*, got rid alſo of Maſter *Foreman*.

An indulgent *public* muſt *judge me*; and it may, perhaps, be inclined, that I ſhould be *diſmiſſed* in the like manner, *and for the like reaſons*.

——What the Devil! Here again! —The old proverb—" Talk of the *Devil* and his————" " What would your *Infernal* Highneſs?"—" More copy, Sir," ſays the ſpirit in the ſhape of a Printer's boy. " Zounds! Sir, does Mr. *Type* expect me to continue ſpinning, at his pleaſure, like a whipped top?—A barbarous boy's cock-chafer, perforated by a pin,

a pin, cannot endure much more. I hope you never occaſioned any part of God's Creation to endure ſo much." — The boy reddened—and ſwelled, with ſeeming indignation at the injurious ſuppoſition;—a good omen!—He cannot, ſhall not, be a Devil.—"Under all this, if I am patient, will my Reader be ſo? — Have not I made my bow and taken my leave?" —"Maſter wants more copy, Sir; and ſays, as how you are an *original*—and can"—"Stop! child, ſtop! Does your maſter mean to inſult me? An *original!*—Does he want to make me his convenience, his ſtalking-horſe, his vehicle of impoſition upon a generous public?—Is his preſs like the bed of

of the tyrant *Procruſtes?**—Having no invention himſelf, does he imagine I am in poſſeſſion of what he may think ſhould have been his proportion?—Can I write upon *nothing* for ever?—Vaniſh, Sir, this inſtant! or I may be provoked, ſo, as to—loſe my temper."—He is gone, thank Heaven!—Shut the door; and now, courteous Reader, *farewel!*

* A tyrannical *King*, who made a frame to ſuit every ſubject; thoſe who were too ſhort were lengthened by ſtretching, and thoſe who were too long were amputated to the ſize.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.